

Best SnowMan in Tiny Town: Thank the Doods at 519 S. Plain Street

Written by Administrator

Sunday, 10 February 2013 00:50 - Last Updated Sunday, 10 February 2013 06:38



Tiny Town, USA – This is the best Snowman in Tiny Town. We say so because we know so. We saw it constructed with wild abandon and a lot of honking enthusiasm from motorists passing by the work-in-progress.

The piece was rolled, piled thorax-by-abdomen-by-head, decorated and adorned on Friday, Feb. 7, by three steely young men of Tiny Town's Great Southside Community. They went at their work with an Ithacan-American spirit seldom seen in the wimpling transplants and come-backarounds who are land banking on our sacred quarters, stolen from the Cayuga Indians by the orders of George Washington, America's first CEO, the land drained and dumped on, backed-over, farmed, desecrated by industry, developed by Titus and DeWitt orthogonally and now whore to the willywaws of a real estate bubble sustained by those who would least like us to know they are affiliated with the one-percenters if not in gold then in the getting at it and by and by running the prices up up and away along all these once sweet working people's streets so that only a Californian can live here.

When that comes to pass people, this Great Snowman (no, not snow-*person*, nor a *MAN of SNOW*, but by the balls of Geronimo, A SNOW MAN, gawdammit!), with real chunks of coal for buttons and a genuine carrot pulled from the earth for a nose, honest-to-ruminant antlers from a buck hunted honestly and given to stew and share and home goods, and a blood-red helmet cuz those billy-clubs hurt when you fight the mutha-frackers and real work gloves for workers who use their bodies to get a thing done and a lacrosse stick to honor the American Indians we stole the sport from and never did win, when the Californians who are New Yorkees turn around and come back here to buy us out the snake will have swallowed of itself whole and final and this damned fine showpiece of a Snow Man will be long gone, thank goodness and mercy, charity and faith, and all those other things this town and this country have almost run out of.

– P. Cumulus, *Maker of Clouds*

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